

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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CHAS. E.
DAWSON

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To hasten the coming of the Golden Age when Love and Righteousness shall reign upon Earth—by endeavouring to promote universal benevolence, by protesting against all social customs and ideas which hinder its advance, and by proclaiming obedience to the Laws of God—physical and moral—as a practical remedy for the misery and disease which afflict Mankind.

To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless, and oppressed, and to denounce cruelty, and injustice, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity.

The Members of The Order are pledged to seek the attainment of these objects by daily example and personal influence. They are divided into two classes—*Companions and Associates*—the former being abstainers from flesh, fish, and fowl, as food; the latter from flesh and fowl only.

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ONE PENNY

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

Every young soul ardent and high, rushing forth into life's hot fight;
Every home of happy content, lit by love's own mystical light;
Every worker who works till the evening, and earns before night his wage;
Be his work a furrow straight drawn, or the joy of a bettered age;
Every thinker who, standing aloof from the throng, finds a high delight
In striking with tongue or with pen, a stroke for the triumph of Right—
All these know that life is sweet: all these, with a Consonant Voice,
Read the legend of Time with a smile, and that which they read is
"Rejoice."

And how very natural! for as one takes an intelligent and impartial survey of life to-day one cannot help being struck with the fact that there is, in our midst



a great desire—growing deeper and deeper into the hearts of men—to help someone or something nearer to that lofty ideal expressed by "and thy neighbour as thyself."

The year 1900 closed a century remarkable in History alike for its commercial as well as its intellectual progress and I venture to prophesy that the year 1901 ushered in an age which will

be equally remarkable for its moral and spiritual development, for everywhere I see the dawn of a new day in the growth of that spirit which seeks another's good.

I see men and women on all sides, in their own way and on their own lines, seeking to help and uplift their less fortunate brothers and sisters in life.

Probably there never was such an age when so much was being done for "nothing."

I look at those dense centres of population, known as the "slums" and there I find the noble heroism, the silent devotion, and the faithful service which men and women are rendering to others in distress.

In our villages I see repeatedly, the nameless men and women silently passing on with a gentle smile the "cup of cold water" without expecting any return.

I look at the hospitals and kindred institutions and there find suffering and pain being dealt with by loving hands and kindly thoughts.

Some find an outlet for their energies in the "Temperance Movement" and there fight evil in some of its grossest forms.

Some take to "slumming" and there, amidst all the difficult—probably the most difficult—conditions of life they live out their ideals in silent patient service, often paying the penalty or martyrdom for their heroism and toil.

Some seek to make the New Evangel of "Humanity in Diet" the magnificent outlet for all their highest powers of body and spirit, by endeavouring to prove to the world that in the unfolding of the great law of Love, the sub-human creatures claim our protection and our care; and that until man has ceased to eat the flesh of murdered creatures no complete realisation of the perfectly altruistic spirit is possible

but whatever the work and whatever the outlet, the great fact stands out clear in the Heavens, that a new spirit is upon the face of the people, to help to uplift and to purify.

What a vision this is! "The Watchman saith, the morning cometh." The world uplifted by willing hands and pure hearts—the world filled with music, instead of the bitter cry—the world full of glad tidings, even when the feet are weary, the hands heavy, and the light of the soul dimmed—the world made cheery and bright with song, the song of pure eyes, of glad hearts and happy voices, all the outcome of the Great Peace within.

What a vision! the world freed from cruelty and from suffering; the great sorrows of men and the long drawn out agony of beast and bird, all folded in Love's great big arms and carried away forever from our midst.

What a vision! the whole realm of Nature at peace, perfect peace, with man. Desire to kill and destroy gone; indifference to cruelty, gone; and instead the spirit of Love filling all, controlling all, by resting upon our souls like the dew, jewel-like, upon the little tender blade of grass as it creeps up through the earth to kiss the light.

What a vision! a world in which all thought, spoken and unspoken is pure and undefiled—in which all action is noble and honourable and in which life becomes "one grand sweet song."

This, O my reader, is the vision which you and I have to bring to, and make practical for, all in the daily life of to-day.

Not to be seers merely—dreamers of the future that is to be—such a condition renders us useless for a practical age and "leads to failure's dark and dim morass."

But after we have been under the shadow of the cross and seen its white rose promise of an Immortal destiny; after we

have firmly grasped the grandeur of our Ideal; after having been entrusted with the Light within, with a knowledge of what is to come; after standing alone on the Mountain Top of Eternal hope and lofty desire facing the ever deepening light of the Coming Day—after all this, then we must learn how to go forth with toiling hands and feet to attain to those very same ideals which have thrilled us with their mighty music. Then we must seek to make our revelation known to all who will follow Truth whilst daily serving their fellow-men.

"By their fruits ye shall know them"—and we must not be known as dreamers only, but as "practical idealists" seeking to live out, without a sneer, or reproach, because of the spirit which others may manifest towards us, the Truth which we have embraced.

And this then is my message—Dream by day and by night of the Ideal life: aspire after the very highest that faith in God tells us is to be attained: fill your mind with all the strong vigorous beautiful thoughts possible: drive out of your human temple all that harms it in any way, in food, and in drink: retire each day for a little while into the Silence where the Master can speak to you—and then go into the world of men and things and live your life, openly and honestly, if you, too, would be a worker in the world's progress. Having had your vision of the Ideal, go and live it out fearlessly and faithfully. Live it in His name. It will not be easy; it may be very difficult, BUT LIVE IT whatever it costs.

Amidst any passing darkness or gathering gloom lift up your eyes to the Everlasting Hills: keep alive the zeal of a mind pure and strong: cling to the visions you have had, and there will be for you that greatest of all rewards—the eternal honour of having been an essential link in God's great chain of loving service, because you have given your noblest efforts for the highest and best within you, and you have sought day by day not only to dream, but to *act*—not only to meditate, but to *live*—not only to treasure up within, but to *love*.

Harold W. Whiston.

THE DAWN OF TRUTH.

Oh sometimes gleams upon our sight
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And, step by step, since
time began,
We see the steady gain of
man.
That all of good the
past has had
Remains to make our
own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.



For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and wonders manifold;
We need but open eye and ear,
To see God's mysteries always here.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here, and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier.

Euthanasia or Truth?

"Tell us smooth things, tell us smooth things,
Never mind whether they are true!"



his is the cry of the world to-day; and the mercenary teachers speak smooth things in abundance knowing full well that they are false.

It is the old story "them as has money and no brains is made for them as has brains and no money" but when the truth of God is made the subject of the gamble, the results are, as might be expected, appalling. "No man can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and Mammon." It is quite clear which the teachers serve.

How will it all end, how can it all end but in destruction? Anaesthesia, anaesthesia at any price, the truth is so rough, so ugly, so cold, why should we face it? Let us refuse to face it and sleep.

And yet that sleep is like that of the man lost in the snow, it is the sleep of death.

Why should the truth be other than rough and ugly? It is always rough and ugly to those who have done evil.

And we who inherit the results of a past and present renowned for its injustice and merciless ferocity, how can the truth, the real truth, be smooth and pleasant to us?

Have we not robbed and murdered our brothers, dishonoured our sisters, and battered like vultures and hyenas on their bodies and souls? How can the truth, the real truth, be sweet and pleasant to us? Might has been right instead of right might.

And the teachers say "Yes, glorious competition, and the weaker must go to the wall. It has always been so, it must always be so."

"Justice is very beautiful in theory, but in practical life it is nowhere. Mercy! What mercy is there in a wolf or a vulture?"

True, my friends, there is none, and you then proclaim yourselves wolves and vultures, and there is nothing within you to which robbery, murder, destruction and hate sound terrible; and justice, mercy and love sound beautiful.

If so, then the soul of man is already dead, and the dead need no anaesthetic.

But what of that poor body still showing signs of life, writhing horribly close to the edge of that awful precipice, and calling fearfully "Tell us smooth things, tell us smooth things."

Is there no hope? Will the future be just as the past anaesthesia, euthanasia? Is evolution a dream and man's boasted enlightenment and progress a mirage?

Will he fall over the precipice and perish as so many have done before?

What alternative is there, what hope is possible? Is not this cry for anaesthesia and euthanasia the end of all?

Yes, there is just one hope, a feeble one it appears, for some two thousand years ago "a man" who had lived a most beautiful life said "if any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

What did this mean, what does it mean to-day? Not anaesthesia, not euthanasia, there is no cross or self-denial there.

I am not a Vegetarian and I suppose I ought not to have minded if my little girl *had* carried out her boast, but somehow the idea of her catching birds and cutting their heads off jarred a little on my sense of the fitness of things.

I am not a preacher so I kept my thoughts to myself and awaited results. However, no birds were caught and no butchering was done.

The next day the two girls were out for a walk and they had not been away long when they came tearing back home, almost crying in their distress.

It was a biting winter's day and they had found a thrush overpowered by the cold.

It was pathetic to see the way they wrapped it up in a piece of flannel and put it by the fire and tried to tempt it to eat bits of bread and milk.

There was no suggestion of 'butchering' it, and they would have been horrified had I suggested such a thing.

They pitied it and sorrowed over it as if it were a little baby, and their joy was as real as it was intense when the poor thing recovered and was able to fly away again.

Again I smiled and said nothing, but I was glad to think that their sympathy for a suffering creature was greater than their love of killing or even of feeding.

I quote this little incident because it emphasizes so forcibly that if people could only be brought face to face with what they are doing, they would not do it.

It is all very well to descend upon the delights of pigeon pie, but if you have to catch your own pet pigeons and wring their necks until they sadly flutter into the mystic realm of death, you would postpone the pie for many a long Sunday.

How much the more then when it comes to the higher animals who can almost talk to you and tell you of their love for their little ones and their fondness for those who are good to them, and their deadly terror when the vision of death comes face to face with them, and when they smell blood and see the dread doom at hand.

I have seen the look of wild agony in their eyes; I have seen them fall on their knees, at the entrance door of the slaughter-house and refuse to rise, be they tortured ever so; I have seen them poleaxed as they knelt in the attitude of supplication.

I have seen these things with my own eyes, because I wanted to know whether they were true, and the memory of the slaughter-house haunts me as I think that the same thing is going on all over the land as I sit and write here in my quiet study—and that it is going on every day, and that the same piteous scenes are being enacted behind thousands of closed doors, when there is none to pity and none to comfort them in their death.

I would not mind so much if it were in barbarous lands and cannibal islands that this tale of sorrow was being poured out, but the fact that it is in civilized, Christianized, gentle England that it is going on, as a thing of course, is what makes it so dreadful, because it makes the task of ending it so much greater.

If these things go on unrepented of and unsorrowed for in the green tree, what will not be done in the dry.

Yet there comes the great feeling of joy from the story of the little girls—a knowledge that deep down in the human heart there is a strain of sympathy, a very stratum of gold, which will one day be raised to the surface, and that ere long men and women will look these things squarely in the face

and will say "By God's help we will not let these things go on unchecked. We will not only ourselves abstain, but we will take up the parable, and cry aloud in the streets until this curse is removed from our nature."

To-day we are setting traps and butchering every animal and bird that we can catch.

To-morrow there shall come into our hands the bruised and the weary and the broken, and we will tend them until they be restored to joy and health again.

To-day we ask if it be *human* before we wantonly kill it.

To-morrow we shall only ask if it *can suffer* before we inflict our appetite passion upon it.

To-day we sit at our tables far away from the shambles, and the smoke of our feasts goes up like a veil to hide out the scenes that we dare not face.

To-morrow we will step down from our self-built dais on to the bed rock of our diviner compassion; we will go down into the hell of the animals, and from thence we will not come up again until we have redeemed some poor sorrowing lamb from its long drawn pain.

The *to-morrow* of our better life is already dawning through the breaking chrysalis shell, and if we will only step out into the assurance that that which is in harmony with our higher self must in the end be best for our bodies too, we shall have fewer gentle souls standing shivering by the river bank wanting to plunge into the Ganges stream, but eating still their bit of ox, or sheep, or lamb under the mistaken idea that they would grow weaker and feebler if they gave it up.

What is ethically right must be physiologically best, for Ethics and Science are twin children of the same God.

Peter Davidson.

TWO GODS.

I.

A boy was born 'mid little things,

Between a little world and sky—

And dreamed not of the cosmic rings

Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,

Where little ventures grow and plod,

And paced and ploughed his little plots,

And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew,

His faith grew faint with many scares;

The Cosmos widened in his view—

But God was lost among his stars

II.

Another boy in lowly days,

As he to little things was born,

But gathered love in woodland ways

And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view

God grew in his growing mind;

Each year he dreamed his God anew,

And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,

In star and blossom, sky and clod;

And as the universe grew great

He dreamed for it a greater God.

Sam Walter Foss, in *New England Magazine*.

The Outlook.

Again I have to chronicle splendid work done in the Press world by the front-rank fighters of The Order.



I quote the following letter by Dr. Perks, in full, because it contains a mine of thoughtful argument which other writers may borrow from, when they take up the pen to wield it for our cause.

Let me, again and again, insist on the same old song, Members of The Order must work for The Order, and letters to the newspapers form one of the most valuable of the methods of teaching the world to think.

If any reader wants to know how to begin to become a Press correspondent, let him write to me and I will gladly advise him.

* * *

DR. PERKS' LETTER.

Dr. Perks' letter to the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury* is as follows:—

FOOD REFORM.

"Sir,—I congratulate you on the tone of your leader of the 15th inst., under the above heading, and on your insistence, in opposition to Sir James Sawyer's claim, upon the fact that an intelligently selected non-carnivorous diet can furnish all the food elements necessary for the maintenance of perfect health and vigour, and that it has, besides, the advantage of being free from the dangers incident to the consumption of flesh.

Upon the reality of such dangers I may claim to speak with some little authority, having been engaged in extensive practice for twenty-one years, during many of which I occupied the post of medical superintendent in two large hospitals. One of these dangers, *viz.* the ingestion of disease germs, is not as so optimistically stated by Sir James Sawyer, neutralised to any appreciable extent by our popular methods of cooking, roasting, baking, and boiling, nor in almost all cases, the temperature of the interior of the joints falls far short of that required for the destruction of micro-organisms. Indeed, in most, is insufficient even for the coagulation of the muscle albumen, which remains 'underdone' or in other words, 'half raw,' and with the vitality and power for evil of its micro-organisms when these are present, perfectly unimpaired.

But Sir James omits altogether to mention the chief and always present danger to flesh-eating, *viz.* the presence in it of the cific and poisonous products of uric acid, and its almost inevitable change. These products often in excess, owing to severe muscular effort in driving of the mind, or a daily taken into the body by the human consumer, and there retained in consequence of the excretory organs being unable to deal with the extra quantity in addition to that formed by its own tissues, give rise in a vast number of instances to one or other of the troubles coming under the category of 'gouty and rheumatic' diseases, and which in their protean forms are not only responsible for much impaired physical and intellectual efficiency, but which also lurk tragically (directly or indirectly) in the causes of death in our mortality returns.

* * *

FLESH-EATING AND GLUTTONY.

The routine treatment, by limitation, or by the complete withholding of flesh food in the diseases almost universally adopted by the medical profession, is a practical recognition of the above fact, but unfortunately is not usually carried to its logical conclusion, *viz.* the abandonment of the cause in future.

This uric acid is primarily 'stimulant' in its action, and is the chief cause of the feeling of 'well being' experienced after a flesh meal, but, as the case with all stimulants, this first effect is inevitably followed by the 'period of depression,' for which relief is often sought in alcohol, or in the taking of another meal before it is really required. This is the explanation of the fact that in carnivorous communities the number of malnourished individuals tends to increase as the degree of immaturity of the population increases. Among qualities of such food, this directly leading to habits of over-eating and gluttony, which Sir Henry Thompson indicates are the cause of most disease and mortality, than even alcoholism.

To put it shortly, it is to these two evils, *viz.* flesh-eating with its attendant diseases and gluttony, and to the fact that the food not lives and physical and moral degeneration of the great mass of our population is due.

* * *

SIR JAMES SAWYER IS WRONG

The statement of Sir James Sawyer that in the present state of our civilization the consumption of meat was an absolute necessity, not only for the weak, but for the highest intellectual, wealth, strength, power, goodness, work, efficiency, and happiness of the human being, is conclusively and abundantly disproved by the record of

a large number of the world's greatest thinkers and brain workers, from Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates onwards, including in the present century such well-known examples as Edward Carpenter, Sir Isaac Pitman, Edison, and Tolstoy, and to mention many modern non-carnivorous athletes who have made records in their several departments.

In fact, to anyone who will see, there is evidence on all sides demonstrating that flesh food is entirely unnecessary for the attainment and maintenance of the highest standard of physical and intellectual development.

* * *

SOWING AND REAPING.

"But there is another side to this question—the ethical—to be considered. The use of flesh food entails a vast amount of suffering upon our sub-human fellow-creatures, and the slaughter-yards and the almost unavoidable in the slaughter-yards and the almost unavoidable degradation of large numbers of human beings employed as drovers, slaughtermen, &c., and such use being unnecessary and entailing such dire results is therefore wrong.

Are we not reaping such a harvest of disease and demoralization as a consequence of our own ill sowing? I believe so; and such a harvest is to me the strongest evidence of our violation of Divine Law in this respect,—by its fruits I judge it.

But I also believe that one of the earliest great steps forward in human evolution will be the abandonment of carnivorous diet and that this century will witness it as the last did that of the abolition of slavery.

To hasten this step is the object of our food-reforming St. Georges', who, to quote the words of your article, 'must attack with a strong and sharp lance.'

I have absolute faith in the ultimate successful issue of such combat. Such a step would not only advance, to an extent that no other reform could, the standard of physical, intellectual, and moral health amongst us, but would also in its incidental effects go far to solve such social problems as 'The Land Question,' 'The Return to the Soil,' 'The Drink Question,' and others, which seem almost hopeless of solution by other means."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

ROBERT H. PERKS, M.D., F.R.C.S., Eng.

Pidgton, March 18

THE LOVE OF A DOG.

The *Cheshire Observer* tells a pathetic little story of a dog. It is one of those stories which teaches us to remember that all life is closely kin and that

"Nothing walks with aimless feet,
And no one life shall be devoid
Of trust as to his toils,
When God hath made His plan complete."

The writer says:—

Among the mourners at the funeral there was one quaint but pathetic figure. He had received an invitation, and in fact, they had tried to keep him away, but the procession had not moved far away when he stole out unnoticed and walked sadly by the hearse throughout its journey to the churchyard.

This was the dead man's dog, one of those nondescript varieties, half-Scottish and half-Skive. He paid no attention to any noise but trotted solemnly beside his dead master.

In the church he passed quietly through the weeping congregation and as quietly took up a position by the coffin until the close of the service.

At the graveside he stood with downcast head looking with mournful eyes down into the grave, and seeming to realise, as perhaps he did, what it all meant.

What thoughts were passing through the little doggie brain? He made as if to enter the grave, but someone drew him aside, and a little later he was put in a cab and borne away.

"Poor little dog," said everybody.

* * *

GUZZLING DRAMATIZED.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* sends an account of a French Carnival.

It sounds very dreadful as the French do it and yet our own Christmas festivities are just as gross.

When a butcher has a fat ox tied up outside his shop and sells joints from it before it is killed, he is playing to the grossest feelings of a mob.

When slaughtermen hold public exhibitions of their prowess in killing and skinning and cutting up beautiful animals before a gaping crowd, they are feeding the tiger and killing the angel in the lives of their spectators.

And yet we in England have been doing both these things, and cultured foreigners stand amazed at our barbarisms.

Now they do similar gross anachronisms, and we can at once see how brutal is the spirit which delights in it. It is the same crowd that howled in the amphitheatre and watched

And this is the stuff on which our rising generation is being fed, and this is the stuff which is bringing in a lowered constitution to our race so that it easily falls a prey to Consumption and to Cancer, to Nerve Debility and to Insanity.

What I am saying refers to what is called "prime meat"—i.e., to over fed, over stimulated, under exercised animals.

Animals which are bred to be fed in the quickest possible time and to turn out the heaviest (not the healthiest) carcasses.

But if the *best* meat is so bad, what about the *bad* meat which is ever being foisted upon the poor consumers?

People sometimes say that the inspection is so good that bad meat cannot get on to the market.

If they try to soothe their minds with this sort of consolation they will be simply shutting their eyes to the truth.

I have lived amongst farmers and I well know what happens when one of the herd or flock begins to show signs of sickness or wasting.

The first thought with many is the Cattle Market and the making the sick animal into "meat" at the earliest opportunity.

Alderman Sir Horatio Davies at the Guildhall a few days ago, rightly remarked that "farmers frequently send up to London meat they would not attempt to sell in their own neighbourhoods."

This case was one where beef had been sent up from Peterborough, and yet it contained "tuberculosis deposits ranging from the size of a pea to an inch and a half."

The butcher who killed it deposed that "he noticed that the lungs had grown to the side, and that it was bruised, but did not think there was anything the matter with the meat."

If a butcher thought a case so bad as this was all right for "meat," how much less would he worry about the ordinary tuberculous cow in the earlier stages of the disease.

They come on to the market in scores, and yet the poor eaters of meat wonder why tuberculosis is so rampant in the land!

The blind pupils of the School for the Blind at Wuluwe St. Lambert have appealed to the Belgian Chamber of Representatives and the Senate to interdict by law the barbarous custom of blinding finches and linnets to make them sing better. The request, says the *Daily Mail*, which is couched in touching terms describing the horrors of blindness as experienced by the petitioners themselves, is written with the writing system for the blind.

I should like to draw the attention of all my readers to an important conference that is being organized by the Countess of Warwick at Warwick Castle on May 1st.

All who are interested in the development of an ideal village life and the restitution of the people to the land and the giving something of the joys of the land to the people should try to be present.

Full particulars will be sent to those who apply to the Lady Warwick Hostel at Reading.

The Garden City Association is doing a splendid work. It is teaching the people of the land that slum-life is not the be-all and end-all of human intelligence.

It is putting into men's minds the idea that life in a brick yard is not the life that men or women or children should live.

It is stirring men up to dream beautiful dreams and to refuse to be satisfied until these dreams are satisfied.

The work began years ago in the attempt to teach window gardening and hyacinth culture in the squalid dens

of the overcrowded, and little by little the love of plant life, the love of the beautiful, the love of the living, has progressed, until the best minds have now conceived the possibility of making every street to adjoin a park and every court a garden.

The Garden City Association, however, needs to gather an inspiration from the beautiful cities of the Hindus, and to think and to dream of a city free from the pollution of violent death, and from the wanton slaughter of animals.

When prophets dream, they dream of the best possible; when inspired idealists sing, they sing of the unpolluted glories of heaven. The touch of the commonplace has no part in their paintings.

So must the picture of our Garden Cities be—beautiful habitations from which violence and cruelty shall be eliminated and from which not only the gambling den and the pot house and the gallows shall be excluded, but they shall be cities in which no slaughter shall be done, and upon whose walls no splash of innocent blood shall fall.

When I talked to Mr. Howard about this, he seemed to think that it would frighten people away from his scheme if it were to be "mixed up with Vegetarianism."

But prophets must ever see from the mountain tops of life, and must be willing to proclaim the coming dawn, long before the inhabitants of the plains are willing to rise from the sloth and slime of their benighted beds and to throw off their dark pall of ignorance.

We must help on this great scheme of Garden City making, but we must be sure that the gardens shall be based on God's Garden of Eden where all gentle life lived together in peace and compassionate amity.

Modern Society tells a charming little story about one of our members, Lady Florence Dixie:

"We remember," says the editor, "once witnessing an instance of this. It was at Newmarket. King Edward, then, of course, Prince of Wales, was standing in the members' enclosure talking to the lady who is now Duchess of Devonshire and to Lady Florence."

Suddenly from the other side of the course, a roar arose. A frightened hare had been started and driven within sight of the roughs hanging on the outskirts of the crowd. Immediate chase ensued, and the terrified creature fled for its life yet further into danger.

An immense mob followed it, "for fun," hooting and shouting, flinging sticks, and making wild grabs at it as it darted hither and thither.

Most people laughed. Bets were exchanged on its chances of escape. Then a shout was raised "They've got it," and the fickle interest of the fashionables in the enclosure suddenly turned to the subject more especially in hand, the condition of the favourite and his rivals, who came down the paddock just then.

One person did not even glance at the racehorses. Lady Florence Dixie, quietly left the Prince's side, walked quickly to where her back was being walked about, and in a second she was in the saddle, and making at a hand gallop towards the crowd about the hare.

She worked her horse through the mob of men, and made her way to the merry who had grip of the little beast. Stop-ting suddenly over his shoulder, she snatched the hare from his arms.

The man turned with a snarl of rage, and rushed at her horse's head.

It was an ugly moment. But the horse, answering to his mistress's touch and voice, reared high, fighting out with his feet in a way that cleared the men from his immediate neighbourhood in a very speedy fashion.

Watching her opportunity, Lady Florence wheeled about, rode sharply through the line that portico opened before her, and galloped straight for a distant plantation where she dismounted and set the creature free.

Quietly she rode back to the enclosure; no one there seemed to have remarked whether she had gone, or what she had been about. But it was a deed of genuine human kindness and pluck which we have never forgotten; and partly for the sake of that remembrance we wish a double success to the crusade which Lady Florence leads against abuse of brutal strength, and the tyranny of the strong against the weak."

Now this is the sort of thing I like to record about our members—something real, something earnest, something with a bit of self-sacrifice in it, and above all something done quietly and unostentatiously and humbly and without any idea of the world's "hurrahs" about it.

The Telepathy of Prayer.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

THESE words of Tennyson are as familiar to us as our daily bread. They have become part of every-day speech. We acknowledge that they



contain a great truth. But, somehow or other, when things grow familiar, they often lose their charm and meaning for the multitude. The general truth is accepted; the particular application of it to life is neglected.

Prayer is the mightiest soul-force in the world; the best machinery is kept going by means of it; the grandest results of life are its products; not cotton, nor wool, nor silk; not material merchandise of any sort whatever, but the gold of human love and heavenly wisdom, and the precious stones of those spiritual virtues which make up the perfect life.

"Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for the night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

It is like a dream—a vision of the perfect state. The whole round world bound to God by the golden chain of Divine love! It takes one's breath away. And yet this is the dream of every spiritual soul; it is the "ideal of every heart whose aspirations are ever seeking to scale the Divine heights." Multitudes hold it in creeds but not in action; but the man who has laid hold of God and allowed God to take firm grip of him lives all his life to realise this sublime end. His life is a perpetual prayer, so that there is constant telepathic action making for purity, goodness and love.

Telepathy is in the air; it is occupying a considerable share of attention in our literature. But it is nothing new, its power is in each one of us, and prayer is its sublimest outlet, its finest method of action.

What is Prayer? A very natural question. It is the meaning of the Spirit, the language of the soul. It is no vain repetition with its dissonant sounding brass and clanging symbol, but the aspirational attitude of the whole being of man. It is spiritual telepathy directed to the inmost sanctuary of our own life after the Divine vision; or directed to God's highest heaven to bring down His beneficent influences upon the earth; or our thoughts directed to some object we wish to attain, or some friend we are anxious to help.

Now, I want my readers to seriously consider with me how prayer as a telepathic force affects God and our own conditions and human life in general. Our Great Father is unchangeable; He is ever the same in His justice, and love, and righteousness. Do not let us imagine for a moment that our prayers change Him and make Him more compassionate and merciful. "The prayers of a righteous man avail eth

much," but only in the sense that they become the vehicle for the accomplishment of the Divine purpose. Every sincere prayer is a telepathic action by which spiritual conditions are made possible, and spiritual purpose is realised.

Prayer affects ourselves and our conditions. If men and women offer selfish petitions to God, to them the heavens will be brass; their souls atmosphere will be charged with rankness, and over them no clear sky will appear from which glints of sunshine break through. Selfish desires and prayers have also their answer. Their centripetal tendency is not to draw down the angelic influences into the sphere of conduct, but rather to encourage the perpetuation of evil.

The mind has only to desire earnestly enough after evil for the devil of vice to take full possession. There are thousands of possessed souls to-day, as truly the victims of demons as in the days of the Master of life and faith—legions that go out only by prayer and fasting, forces of hell that can be driven back only by the heavenly magnetism of the pure in heart, *those men and women who have realised in themselves the power to become Sons of God.*

The laws of the spiritual world can no more be infringed with impunity than the laws of the material world. The motive, thought, desire, and end couched in all our telepathic action contain within themselves our curse or our blessing. The man who wills to do evil in himself or to anyone, will send out from himself elements of discord and disease; but the disease and discord will rebound upon himself. There is no escape from the eternal law of righteousness.

But it is otherwise with true prayer, though the same law operates. Spiritual law does not change God, who wills that all men should pray; but it elevates the heart that desires. It turns night into day and death into life. It breathes a new spirit into all that the soul thinks and does.

By prayer the soul wings itself heaven-ward and brings back to earth healing on its wings. "Pray without ceasing," said Paul; in other words, *will God-ward always.* To do so is at last to discover the God-love within us and to realise His miracle-working power.

Still further does the thought lead us. Here we are face to face with one of the Divine mysteries. Yet it is a mystery the aspirant soul may understand. *The uplifting of our spirit through prayer can become a fact only in proportion to the power which the soul acquires to will towards God.*

As the earth is spheroid in the solar world, so is our soul spheroid in the spiritual. It has its own atmosphere; and upon the conditions of that atmosphere depend entirely the Divine light that may break through upon the soul, and the spiritual power it may acquire. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Why? Because the mind is the atmosphere of the soul, and the mind of a man must be pure and its elements rarefied before the soul can attain. What the solar action does in and for our atmosphere, the Divine magnetic forces do for us spiritually. When by prayer we open our whole being to these influences of heaven, our environment becomes renewed day by day, and our possibilities for good are multiplied.

Therefore, for the individual soul, prayer becomes the means of its redemption, God's ladder by which it climbs from earth to heaven. Yea, prayer brings the Divine Hermes who rescued Persephone from her bondage to matter, and we are led by him up to the heights of God. For Persephone is the type of the soul steeped in materialism,

and still striving after the Divine, which striving is rewarded by attainment in which the Spirit passes from glory to glory.

But this does not end our responsibility. All the upward growth of ourselves implies ever-increasing duties to our fellow men. Let those dream who will that the redemption of the race is something outside of human action, that it will be accomplished whether or no social regeneration takes place. The veil of Moses still hangs over Christians as well as Jews. *There is no redemption from without; all must be accomplished within.* The Divine telepathy will regenerate the world when it is perfectly manipulated by souls whose temples are cleansed and whose spirits are in constant touch with heaven. Every mind is a battery sending out electric currents; every soul is a centre of magnetic attraction. Every day we live we not only draw to ourselves but send out from us feelings and thoughts pregnant with emotions and purposes, and these play upon the minds and lives of others, helping to lift them into purer conditions of being and inspiring them forward and upward to the divine summit; or, if our thoughts be evil and gross, which God forbid, dragging them back and down into the valley of death.

If we open our hearts to the inflowing tide of God's life we shall come to realise Divine fulness and work the works of God. How beautifully Russell Lowell expressed this thought in his sonnets—

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
With the majestic heaving of his heart,
The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part
Each sea-wide bay and little weed receiveth,
So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,
Life from the Universal Heart doth flow,
Whereby some conquest of the eternal woe
By instinct of God's nature He achieveth.

Loving thoughts create loving thoughts. Lofty ideals can be transmitted from mind to mind. Pure desires and noble motives can be sent out as angelic ministrants to others by the magnetism of our spirits. We can help, we can heal, we can lift up, we can redeem other lives by spiritual electricity. If the followers of Jesus Christ knew this glorious truth and acted upon it, mighty would be their power to bring His Kingdom upon earth. But that omnipotence can become ours only in the proportion that we *will towards God* and realise His life in ourselves. And we can gather power to will and think Godwards in proportion to our willingness to practise true prayer and fasting, to flee every lust of the senses in meats and drinks and selfish useless enjoyments.

What has been may again become; what shall be is with us now, if only we could see, and understand, and attain. The transmittent power of the spiritual world which Christ perfectly revealed, and the Divine possibilities of the human soul of which He spake—these are still the same, if we will learn the secret. The demons that went out in the Christ's day by prayer and fasting only are with us to-day, and their name is legion. So the works of God come to our hand that we may do them.

But who may be able for these things? Who may be counted worthy? You and I if we become like the Master and cleanse our temples of every impure appetite, and let the train of the Divine Presence fill the whole temple of our being, the outer courts as well as the inner courts. The soul that has the strength to resist the enervating tendencies of life as lived by society, who has the Divine conviction to fast

from the soul-destroying luxuries of the world, who is strong to dare to protect the lives of the weak, the dumb, the helpless creatures, who is heroic enough to shed no blood and have none shed for him on any pretext, and who prays God to make him a Saviour of men—that soul shall at last come to act magnetically upon individuals, societies, and even nations, and by that power of the Most High which he will have acquired, drive back the false spirits that infest men and communities, and so redeem the human soul from materialism to God.

J. Todd Finner

Hindoo Girl Warns Her Sex.

Saith a Woman on the East India Mail and Western Enterprise, who has been visiting friends in America.

Miss Balu Padsingh, a Hindoo by birth, who has been studying in England and traveling in Europe for nearly nine years, is at present in America, says the *New York Sun*, to study conditions here and to compare Americans with other peoples she has known. She is the daughter of a rich Indian merchant and went to England in the care of an English family to be educated.

My well meaning but injudicious guides, an English family to whom I carried letters from relatives in England, thought to show me Chicago's greatest feature, first and took me to the stock market where thousands of cattle are daily slaughtered. The sight, so awful beyond imagination to conceive, so horrified me that my blood almost congealed.

I am wretched at this moment recalling it and the mention of the name of the city makes me shudder. If I believed in a personal God, as do the American people, I should live in terror of His instant wrath. Unspeakable to me is this crime of animal slaughter, and utterly debasing in its influence over all who engage in it.

"What have you to say about our great Temperance movement?"

"The attitude of women towards the subject is full of inconsistencies and insincerity, and until the right attitude is taken there will be no real success. I told Miss Willard that she could not convert a person to a desire for a pure life while she herself debased her body by flesh eating.

"She contended that I was right to be a non meat eater, having been educated so, while she was right to eat that which her ancestors had taught her was right.

"I attended a peace congress and heard eloquent speeches from both men and women and was the guest of people who entertained the delegates at a table laden with the flesh of animals. And it was so incomprehensible to my hosts that I should refuse these dishes that I was urged to permit them to prove by their Bible that I was wrong.

Then one of the ministers present quoted verse after verse tending to prove that Jesus ate and drank, that He ate and drank and approved of meat eating. My answer to all was that I could not eat anything that had been slain; that had ever looked out of eyes; that suffered. And I grew faint at heart when I thought of the blindness of these people.

"So you see why I do not believe women can ever succeed in temperance work, that by such piecemeal conventions, or anything else until they cleanse themselves of all sin and purify their bodies.

"Women are not born what they become, and the primary cause of their enfeeblement is their clothing—not their food.

These bar the way of women and women alone can remove these disabilities."

"What do you suggest in the way of improvement?" was asked.

"First diet; next dress, next—but there will be little difficulty in overcoming other faults when women live and dress in the right way. I have been in many public places in this country and have seen that all classes of women indulge, for instance, in the custom of wearing furs and feathers of animals, and thus increase the crudeness of their clothing by these barbaric adjuncts.

"Old and young alike wear head coverings grotesque to vulgarity. All classes are ruled by fashions—fashions that soon are supplanted by others no less ridiculous. In our churches the dress of women is incompatible with real worship.

"I went to the grand Cathedral here on Sunday last and stood looking over the congregation. It made me think of a vast barnyard, with here and there an ostrich feather, that was a reminder of other fowls than the domesticated chicken."

"Our women are not exceptional in their love of ornamentation."

"Nevertheless, their admiration for such things proves the why and wherefore of their situation. I read in the papers the other day that one of your wealthy women here, who is accounted a philanthropist, went into a butcher's shop with a number of poor women in whom she was interested and stood with them watching a butcher cut meat and explained the names and uses of the various sections of the poor beast. What a comment this is on the degree of your civilization! Do you really hope for much from the uneducated when the educated are so ignorant of ethical laws, to say the least?"

"Your religion teaches you that God punishes the wicked and rewards the virtuous, and everywhere you see the wicked flourish, and the virtuous bearing unequal burdens. But you women are humble in religious matters, much more so than in other things, yet I believe you distinguish between accident and essence, and I, in common with all observant Hindoos, look to the women of the Western world to throw off the formalities of religion first, and to face the truths of existence enfranchised by their own strength of mind.

"We of the East wait for that hour, and it is our part to make ready the women of India, who are believers not in Christianity, but in a Cause that does not reward and punish us, but teaches us to know the law of cause and effect, and makes us know that God neither rewards nor punishes, but that we punish and reward ourselves by our deeds."

Walking in the Spirit.

How dearly are we loved of the Spirit, that it should admonish us of every fault—that from the cradle to the grave it should walk beside us! And never for an instant are we left wholly to our own devices, nor allowed to deviate a hair's breadth from the right direction without a reproof—that we may turn in time. The divine warning comes in diverse and unexpected ways. An aching face and a lame back have each their message from the soul; and if we live an hour without the consciousness of love we shall directly be made aware of it. Though we skulk surreptitiously through the streets, a heavenly host is following and angels hover over us; for to what pinnacle shall we ascend, or to what depths may we plunge, and not find there the Love of God? Truly was it said of Wisdom that her every path is peace; and knowledge is like oil poured upon the troubled waters.

Stanton Kirkham Davis.

Reviews.

"Truth, Strength, and Freedom," by Alex Haig, M.D., F.R.C.P., 1902. John Ball, Sons, & Danielsson Ltd. Two Shillings net.

Dr. Haig tells us that this little book is a record of his own mental and moral experiences, and of the struggle through which he reached his present point of spiritual outlook; what that is, he summarises thus:—"The keynote of life is renunciation of self and of worldly rewards, and with the single eye thus obtained it becomes possible to follow truth for its own sake, and then the beauties of truth, strength, and freedom break like a sunrise over the mental horizon."

Dr. Haig reminds his readers that there is a real connection between this and his other writings, "and that diet has a relatively vast influence on Mental and Spiritual Evolution." From a physician, who has for many years closely studied the effect of flesh food on the physical organism, which he demonstrates (*vide* his book, "Uric Acid in Causation of Disease"), to be the production of many diseased conditions, this statement that it exercises a similar influence on the higher planes of man's being, is of great weight, and should have a special interest for our readers.

* * *

"The Principal Claims on behalf of Vivisection." A Refutation. Dep.-Surgeon-General Thornton, C.B., Nat. Anti-Vivisection Soc., 1901. Threepence.

We recommend this little book to those desirous of obtaining the knowledge necessary for exposing the fallacies of the vivisectionist's claims. Its alphabetical arrangement renders a reference to any particular class of operations, etc., easy, and the information given is fairly comprehensive. It bears evidence of much care and discretion, on the part of the compiler and editor.

* * *

"Good Health," (International Health Association, 451, Holloway Road London.) Price One Penny.

This is a new, illustrated, monthly Magazine devoted to Hygiene and Health. It is edited by Dr. A. B. Olsen, and is published in connection with the work carried on by the International Health Association, (which maintains a considerable number of Sanatoriums in different parts of the world for the treating of disease on hygienic and vegetarian lines). At their Institution at Battle Creek the visitors and staff number upwards of a thousand persons, fourteen resident doctors are maintained, and I believe it is a fact that flesh food has never been used in connection with the treatment which is carried on there and which has proved so successful as to justify many similar Institutions being established in other countries. Although the Institution has lately been burned down, a new and more beautiful one will soon replace it. This Journal deprecates carnivorousness *in toto*, but almost entirely from the standpoint of Hygiene. Its publication is another evidence of the growth of public opinion in favour of abstinence from flesh food.

* * *

"Esoteric Christianity," By Annie Besant (Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham Place, London). 5/- net.

This remarkable book contains information concerning the hidden mysteries of the Christian religion, and it will be read by advanced thinkers with profound interest. The author quotes the Apostolic Fathers in support of her statements and convinces the reader that much of the sublime truth which was taught by Jesus and His immediate disciples has been lost or misinterpreted by the Ecclesiastical hierarchies of the early Church. It will tend to broaden the horizon of the English-speaking religious world and to create a more adequate conception of the transcendental nature of the Christian Gospel. It will also lead many to apprehend the essential unity of all the great religions of mankind, and thus undermine bigotry and intolerance. Seekers after Truth would do well to add this volume to their libraries.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of *The Herald* will be a "Medical" number, and will contain a symposium of opinions in favor of Natural and Humane Diet written by a number of Doctors. Any Medical men, who are concerned that abstinence from carnal food is the best regime for human beings, are invited to send a few paragraphs expressing their convictions on the subject, so that they may be included in the copy of the Journal. A large number of copies will be sent to Members of the Medical Profession with the hope of leading them to consider and advocate the advantage of Frugitarianism.

Members of The Order and Subscribers to this Journal who have not paid their subscriptions for the current year, 1902, are respectfully requested by the Council to forward a remittance, next to both the names of a considerable number of subscribers to *The Herald*, whose subscriptions are much overdue will be removed from the list after the May issue has been forwarded.

The only official address of The Order of the Golden Age is **Palngton, England**, to which all communications should be sent.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Sidney H. Bead.

American and Colonial Friends will oblige by refraining from sending coins enclosed in letters, as the English Postal Authorities charge a fee of fivepence. Greenbacks, or postal orders, should be sent.

Readers of this journal who are in sympathy with the ideals that are advocated in its pages, are invited to persuade their friends to become subscribers. Many more converts to the principles which underlie our Movement could thus be won.

This Journal is now supplied regularly to over a thousand Public Institutions in this and other lands, such as Free Libraries, Institutes, University Colleges, etc.

If there is any Free Library, Y.M.C.A. Public Reading Room, Theological College, or other Institution, where this Journal is likely to be read by thoughtful persons, which does not at present receive a copy, the Secretary will send one regularly on receipt of a request from the Librarian or Committee.

The cost of circulating the literature published by The Order in all parts of the world gratuitously, is met by the voluntary contributions of Members and sympathetic friends. No portion of the funds subscribed to The Order, up to the present time, has been used in paying for rent of offices, or for literary work—all that is useful in this way being provided by disinterested workers who have the interests of the Movement at heart.

Converts to the humane principles which are advocated by The Order are being made in all lands by means of the official publications, and many more could be influenced if the funds at the disposal of the Council permitted of a still larger circulation and distribution.

In consequence of numerous requests having been made that the photographs of the Executive Council shall be sold by The Order, a number have been prepared, and can, in consequence of the large consignment contracted for, be supplied at the low price of one shilling, post free. Members across the sea who wish to possess the portraits of the Leaders of this Movement can therefore now do so. Applicants should state which one is required.

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A FEW PRESS OPINIONS

"A Guide-Book that we heartily recommend to all who desire a learner more wholesome and a preceptor more judicious. It is a book that will not abandon flesh and blood, but will lead the vain and the sensual to the path of duty and virtue. The author comes to the assistance of the fallen sinner, and does every good service thereby." *Age of Reason*.

The bulk of the book, however, consists of practical recipes for a simple style of living which is not only natural, but peaceful and appealing – besides being humane. The whole deserves to be read by all of us, with a view to making life worth living. —*Hester Lim*

"It is well written and as it is admitted by all
flesh is generally used it deserves a wide circulation."

"The whole work is a valuable help in the correct understanding of the destiny of the human body. It is written with a freedom from 'faddism'—an evil that so often enters the end of books—of a casual fashion, the growth of a new movement. There is a new, unimpeachable, practical grasp of this subject and a bold, not only bold, but three arguments endorsed by scientific research."—*Torquay Times*

"Food Reformers and those thinking of adopting a more humane diet would do well to obtain this book. It is full of useful information. — *Montreal Daily Herald*

"We, who love our fellow-creature, and who would most certainly turn quite sick if asked to devour their cold dead, can find much use for this new cookery book; but it will also appeal to the artist, and readers who would blazon its teaching as a well-deserved debt of much to help on the good work."

"Few people realise that it is possible to keep a really good table without the aid of meat, but whilst advocating vegetarianism, the book shows how this may be done." *The Outlook* (London, November 1907)

"In 'A Comprehensive Guide Book' the author has given us the fullest, a most timely and useful book. It is not a treatise on the subject, but a contribution to it is written in a devoted and sympathetic and accurate spirit."—*Immortality*.

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